

The Daily Enterprise.

VOL. 5.

BEAUMONT, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1901.

NO. 72

DON'T FAIL

to attend B. Deutser's Furniture Clearance Sale. 3 3 3

JULY 10th to 20th.

Armour Packing Co's Cold Band Hams, Breakfast Bacon and White Label Leaf Lard

are unexcelled in quality.

Ask your Grocer for them.
E. N. Brown,
Wholesale Agent.

Feed Prices are too unsettled. Can't quote prices for a few days.

Only one place for Feed.

J. S. GORDON & CO.

Telephone 82.

HOP JOINT RAIDED

Had Been Running In Regular Chinese Fashion.

WHITE WOMEN REGULAR CUSTOMERS

Stronghold Located Over a Saloon on Crockett Street.

A hop joint that would compare favorably with one in a much larger city has been discovered in Beaumont.

W. G. Reddick, policeman in the tenderloin district, has been on the trail of cocaine fiends for some time and made the raid last night when they were least expecting it. He had located the joint but was awaiting an opportune time, when the proprietors and supporters of the joint could be run in at one and the same time. Last night they had collected for the purpose of "hitting the pipe," as it is known in slang and he quietly and alone ran the whole gang in.

The joint is located over Frank Foure's saloon at the corner of Crockett and Franklin street. Reddick gained entrance through the back way and demanded admittance from room to room until the sleepers were found. There lay the pipe, a long instrument about two feet long, with a bowl about six inches from the end. The hole in the stem and also the bowl was about a sixteenth of an inch in diameter. It is a clumsy looking instrument and when in operation gives off a scent that can be detected almost a block if placed on the ground floor. The needles which are used to form the pills, the scissors which are used to clip the dose and the heating lamp were all laying in the condition they were left when the smoker took his departure into intoxicated dreamland. Small bits of cigarettes buried in a pool of tobacco ashes lay in a small platter and looked as if they had remained in this condition undisturbed for years; a box of cocaine about four fifths empty was sitting on the table and a half formed pill was attached to one of the needles. The room looked as if it had not seen a housekeeper since it was built and it gave forth a smell which was both repulsive and mystifying. It appeared to contain all those secrets and mysteries into which the confession of opium eaters have given the public a faint insight. A middle aged man with a tallow complexion and bony hands was the occupant of the room. His eyes told the whole story and they flashed with a misty brightness when he made a confession. He said that he was the proprietor of the instruments and had been an opium smoker for years. He had quit once and had the medicine in the express office now to make another attempt.

One of the most repulsive circumstances brought out with the discovery was that white women and negro wenches had been smoking the same pipe. The proprietor of the saloon disclaimed any knowledge of the joint but the women stated for a fact that he was perfectly familiar with all that was going on and there had been half a dozen rooms of the same character in the building at one time. One of the women confessed to be a regular customer of the joint and said that she usually paid \$1 for a pill, sometimes more, and was frequently accommodated when financially embarrassed. "I do not claim to be a fiend," she said, "and it is no honor to smoke the pipe at all. There is something about the stuff when you once get it in your sys-

tem that keeps pulling you on as so many iron chains. There is a longing to get rid of the habit but when the effect dies out you can not keep from going back again and the self argument that you can not quit it is a conscience killer to the opium fiend. It does not take but a few inhalations of the smoke to effect your whole system and then you are separated from the world—a hazy satisfaction that all is well creeps over you and then you are in a sphere that is entirely foreign to every one except the opium eater. I do not know where I am, nor neither do I care. If a remorseful feeling chances to arise it is quickly engulfed by one much greater produced by the opium which knows no conscience or pain. Often when the effect begins to die away it is impossible to resist the longing for just another time and then I must quit. No opium eater ever expects to die without reforming but quitting is like the thoughts of death—put off indefinitely.

"How do we start? That is a question I could hardly answer for if you once fall into the association of opium fiends they get you into it somehow. After you find out their sin they will reveal all the mysterious and soothing effects of the drug and you will at once be struck with a desire and curiosity to investigate for yourself. Knowledge of the hurtful effects and what little pride one may have left will keep you away for a time. Some day you will be suffering both physically and mentally. Nine chances out of ten you will receive an invitation while in this condition and in a fit of desperation or contempt for life you bow to one pipe for relief. Retribution terrible and swift follows when you realize what you have done and there is a feeling that everything is lost except mere existence. Often have I wanted to die, but a resolution to end my existence by my own hand would be hardly formed before death blackened by all the sins on earth would frighten me to the pipe. The most miserable moment of an opium smoker is waiting for the pipe to be prepared, while ten thousand devils are grabbing at you from every side."

Another woman who was in the police court this morning for the same offense denied that she had ever hit the pipe but said that she had frequently stayed all night in the place with other girls and slept while they spent the night smoking.

These were white women of low character but before the investigation had been completed it was brought out that a negro wench had been seen in the room smoking the same pipe. The owner of the instrument said that women had come from Houston to use his pipe.

WHO HE IS.

Frank Fory, better known as French Frank, is a man with a record. He came to Beaumont from Galveston where for several years he ran a saloon that was at all times of doubtful character. During the early summer of 1900 the United States immigration inspector at Galveston, W. T. Levy, became convinced that women were being imported from France and Belgium through New York under contract for immoral purposes. Investigation showed that an organization existed in the large seaport cities of this country for the conduct of this infamous traffic. The men who were the members of this organization were Frenchmen. They imported the women, sold them into absolute slavery and conducted their business all over the United States, the pineries of Minnesota and the Southern states being the best paying markets.

About June last year the people of this country were shocked by the news of a woman being sold at auction in a dive in Galveston located on

(Continued on page 8.)

It will be to Your Interest
TO ATTEND

ROOS Bros. Removal Sale

Our \$15, \$16, \$18 and \$20 suits during this sale..... 12.50

Mens' Single Pants--We give you a reduction of 20 per cent.

STRAW HATS--All kinds, all shapes, 25 cents back on every dollar.

BOYS' LINEN SUITS.

The \$1.50 quality now..... 1.15

The \$1.00 and \$1.50 suits..... 70c

Everything else in our store sold at reduced figures. We sell as we advertise.

It pays to buy the best.

Roos Bros.

WE'VE BEEN
Telling You
repeatedly about
the Merits of our
Wares.

We Don't Want
to Be Unduly
Insistent.

But we believe we are doing you a service in keeping you posted on stationery matters. This week we beg to call your attention to some of the handsome novelties for summer in paper and envelopes to match in appropriate boxes. We are headquarters for anything in the office, and stationery supply line

E. SZAFIR,
Phone 409 STATIONER

THE...
SMART MAN

buys his Gents' Furnishing Goods

At The Chicago Store, where he can always get the best quality for the least money. When you need a new pair of shoes try

The Chicago Store.

WITHERS, President.
GEO. C. O'BRIEN, Vice-President.
TOM EVERHEART, Vice-President
F. P. CLEMENTS, Cashier
AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK,
BEAUMONT, TEXAS.
Capital \$100,000.

R. OLIVER, President. E. J. HARRSHALL, Vice-President, W. L. MURPHY, Cashier
The CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
OF BEAUMONT,
CAPITAL STOCK, \$100,000.
OFFERS ITS SERVICES TO THE PUBLIC.

WATCH

For the opening announcement of

LAURENS BLOCK,
the Candy Man, at 275 Pearl St. Threadneedle House.

Unfortunate for Us But Fortunate for You

THAT we have had to let our Stock be in the depot for more than Six Weeks, because our Store room was not completed and while it is yet unfinished, we shall open our doors for business the last of this week. We shall show you a High-Class Stock that will please the best dressers, the unconventional business man and the men who do hard labor.

Whether we like it or not, we must make a price on this excellent new merchandise that will move it at once. You probably never had just such an opportunity before and possibly never will again to buy the most dependable, correct goods at such sacrifice as we shall make. Bear in mind that the greatest satisfaction you will have when you trade with us will be not what you pay but what you get.

Nicholson-Watson Shoe and Clothing Company.

PEARL STREET,